

to overwhelm that thin red line—
dashed upon it, wavered, broke, re-
gioned. Darkness descended upon,
gleamed heights of inkerman, and
the thin red line stood unbroken, though inside
it lay heap upon heap of red coat
and dead!

"And there, too lay Ian. . . . Dead?
No, not dead, but wounded almost to
death was the lad. . . . In the
muck and mire of the marshy camp he
lay, till room was found for him at
Gutari. There they natched him up
Duncan, and gripped me by the arm.
"Will it be a seal, or can it be a man,
whatfeffer?"

From the further side, two hundred
yards from where we stood, we saw a
glance, something stir upon the white
surface of the loch. With a quoser lo-
pided motion it came towards us.

"It's ower big for a seal, an' yet
it will hardly be like a man!" Duncan
muttered.

Nearer and nearer came the halting
figure.

Ian, Cronje and his merry men found
that berg's grandson was a chip of the
old block!"—Black and White.

After a man has nibbled, it often
requires a shrewd girl to land him.
The trouble seems to be that the girls
let them nibble too often. They should
be landed high and dry at the first
bite.

Some men, who are supposed to
work, have mighty little to do.